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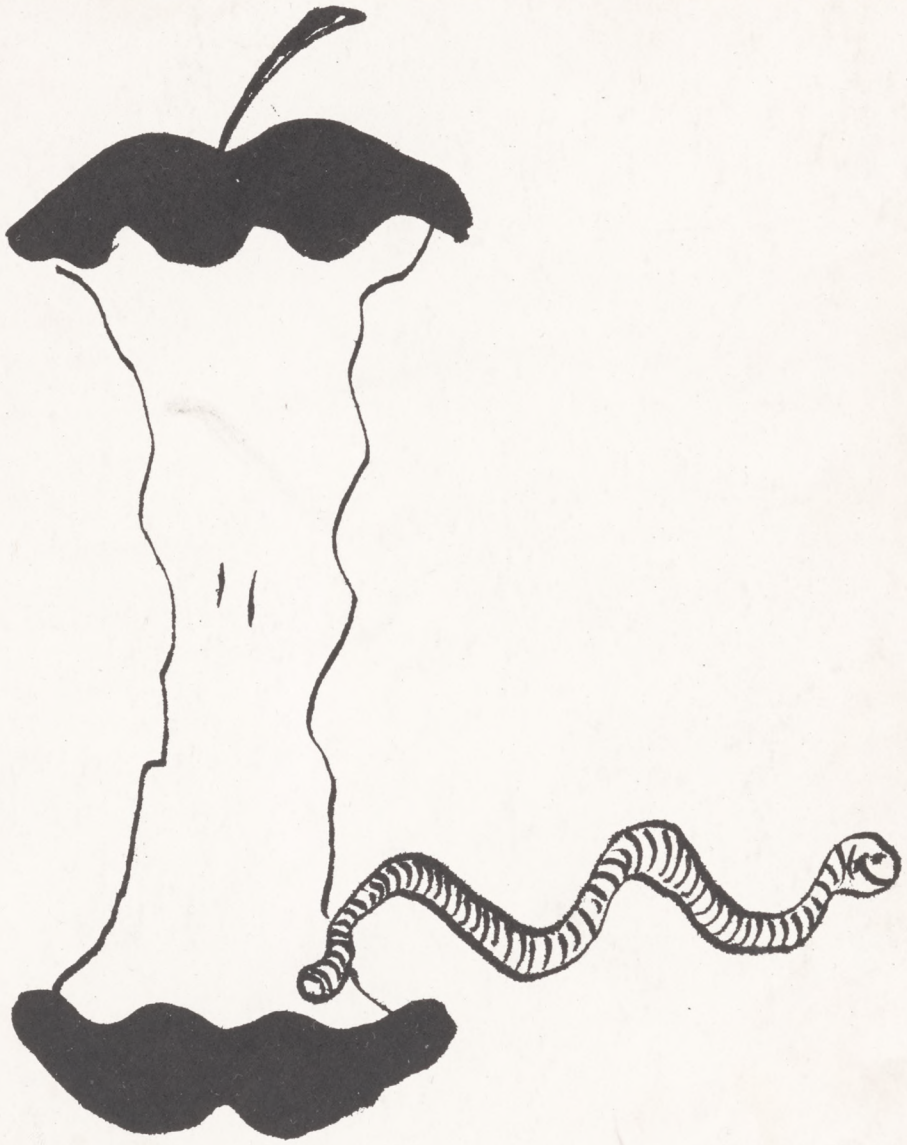
KIRKLAND COLLEGE 1971



THE CLASS OF 1971
PRESENTS
ITSELF

Kirkland College
Clinton, New York

CAST

(in order of appearance)

Barbara deB. Allen
7721 St. Martin's Lane
Philadelphia, Penna. 19118

Jane Ellen Balzereit
1435 Woodland Road
Rydal, Penna. 19046

Martha Bicknell
29 Maple Avenue
Madison, N. J. 07940

Anne Blumenberg
1105 Rosemont Avenue
Frederick, Maryland 21701

Jane Brandfon
Country Club Drive
Woodbridge, Conn. 06525

Ainslie Brennan
8 Sylvia Road
Plainview, N.Y. 11803

Amy Day
7925 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia, Penna. 19118

Megan Evans
7 Bristol Road
Clinton, N.Y. 13323

Elizabeth Knight Gilbert
1200 Commonwealth Avenue, Apt. 21
Allston, Mass. 02134

Ann Gourlay
36 Monroe Avenue
Oneonta, N.Y. 13820

Nancy Grieshaber
1 Huntington Lane
Camillus, N.Y. 13031

Debra Ann Josefchak
401 Greenway
Albany, N.Y. 12208

AUG 25 '71

Susan Lesser
164 East 95th Street
New York, N.Y. 10028

Stoney McCart
College Hill Road
c/o Mrs. Powell
Clinton, N.Y. 13323

Karen Morse
5 Regent Court
Utica, N.Y. 13501

Debra Moskowitz
191 N. Merrick Avenue
Merrick, N.Y. 11566

Sally Sedgwick Peabody
17 Seminary Place
New Brunswick, N. J. 08901

Myra Schlosberg Pertz
Bogusville Road
Deansboro, N.Y. 13328

Jane Kelman Pink
9 Fountain Street
Clinton, N.Y. 13323

Nancy Ellen Ross
26 Halsted Place
Rye, N.Y. 10580

Elizabeth Rubin
2724 Pioneer Trail
Stillwater, Okla. 74074

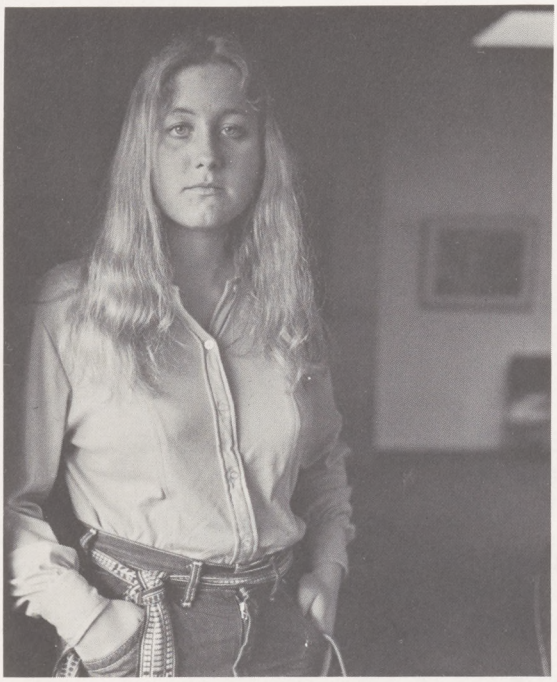
Irit Saltman
95 College Hill Road
Clinton, N.Y. 13323

Geraldine Romano Scoll
38 Utica Street
Clinton, N.Y. 13323

Aileen Sellis
619 E. Penn Street
Long Beach, N.Y. 11561

Irene Swansiger
43 Woodcrest Drive
Livingston, N. J. 07039

Hedwig Veith
14 Ben Court
Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870



Taking Leave of a Friend

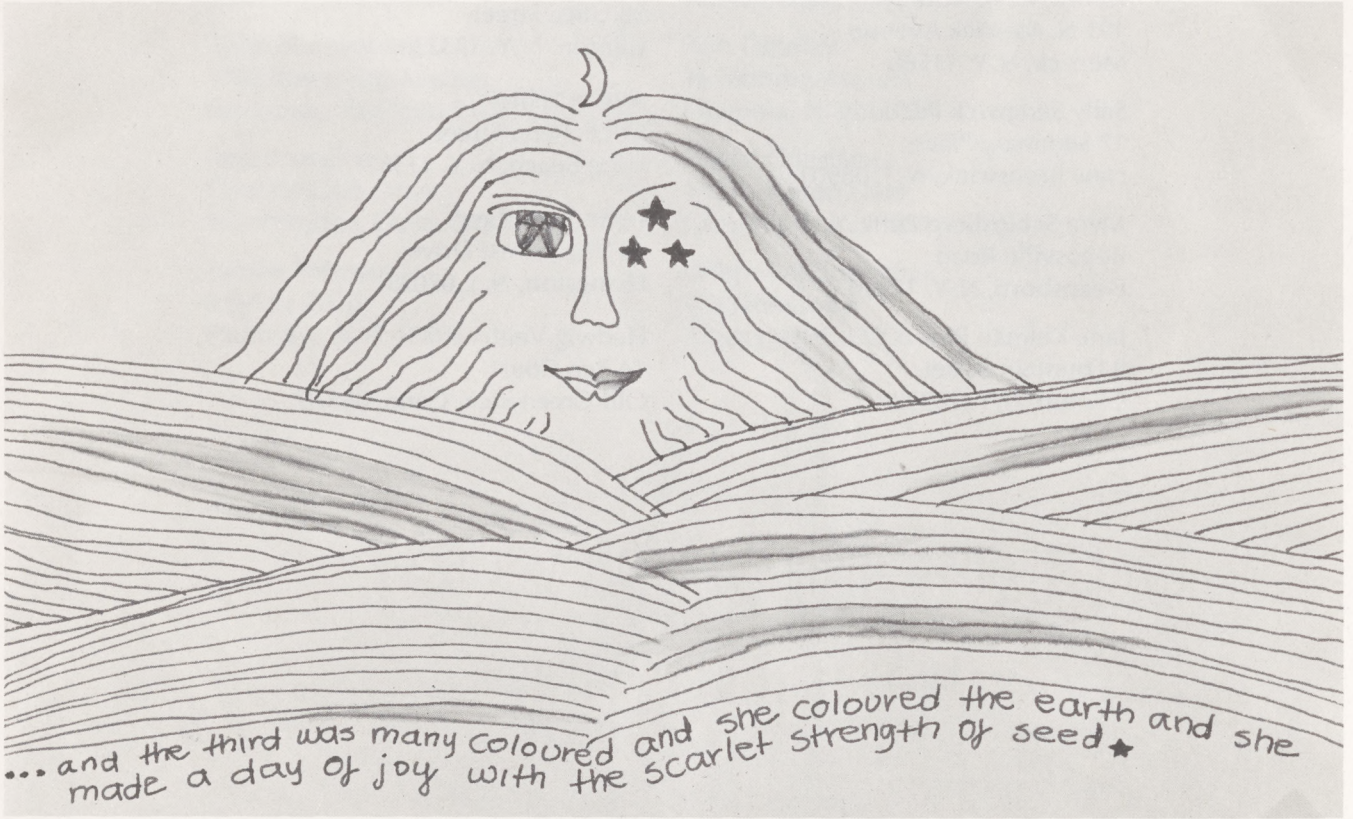
Ezra Pound

Blue mountains to the north of the walls,
White river winding about them;
Here we must make separation
And go through a thousand miles of dead grass.

Mind like a floating wide cloud,
Sunset like the parting of old acquaintances
Who bow over their clasped hands at a distance.
Our horses neigh to each other as we are departing.

By Rchaku 1915

Barbara de Bon Coeur Allen



I'm onto myself.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Sometimes a person has to go a very long distance out of his way to come back a short distance correctly.

The Zoo Story

All right, you thought you knew it all before, didn't you?... Well, you fell down, you get up, nobody else is going to carry you about.

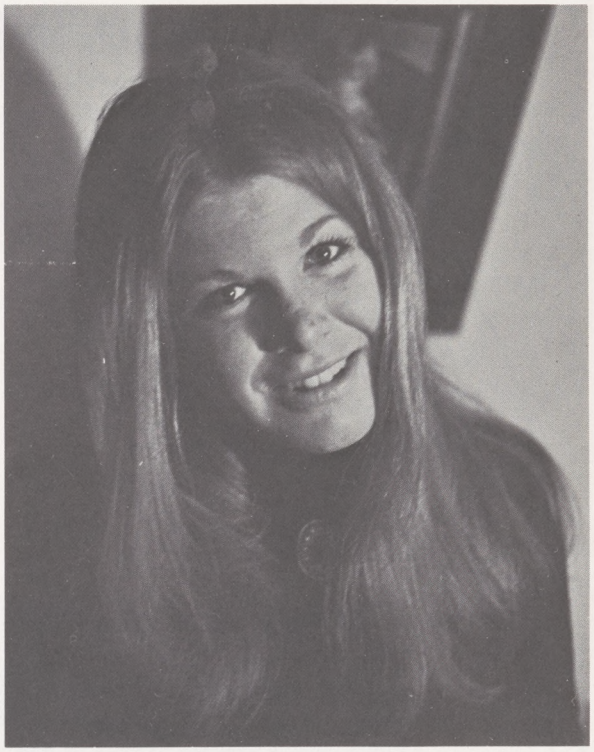
A Taste of Honey

Unless you love someone nothing else makes any sense.

Brandfon, Semmes, Scoll, Josefchak, Dodds, Wolf, Orenstein, e.e. cummings and Hatkoff

She was a fat kid. I never thought she'd make it.

My father



Jane Ellen Balzereit

With all this darkness, the truth is that every morning when I awake, I'm full of hope.

After the Fall

Haven't I warned you... don't fool around with your soul? I know all about true love. It's a mess.

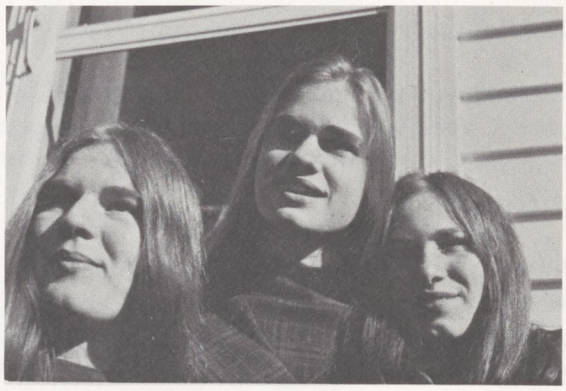
Don Juan

Verbal volleyball is not my idea of a relationship.

Love Story

Martha Foster Bicknell

To share is
my joy...



Martha Foster Bicknell, center

Because the wind blows,
I am happy!

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

Kahil Gibran On Teaching

As I was going up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there,
He wasn't there again today.
I wish to God he'd go away.

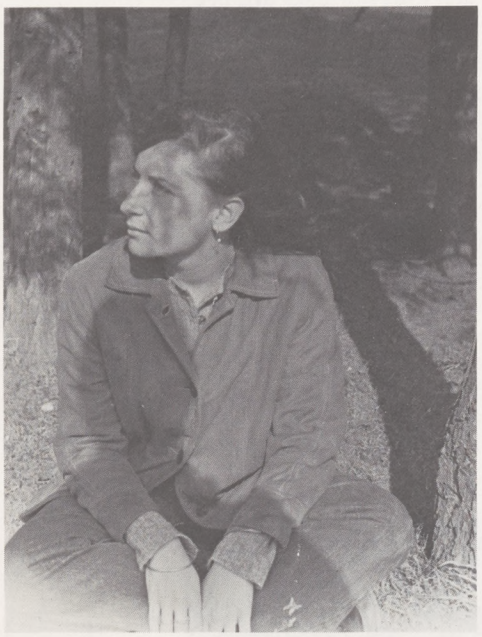
I look at my toes sometimes and wonder what they are—but I know—they're toes. But what are toes? Toes are toes are toes are toes are toes—
It's about that sense of wonder. Wonder? wonder what? Oh, wonder who. Who? Wonder who what? What who wonder? Surely not me. But oh yes—very definitely me. You, you wonder?—Why?—
Silly thing.

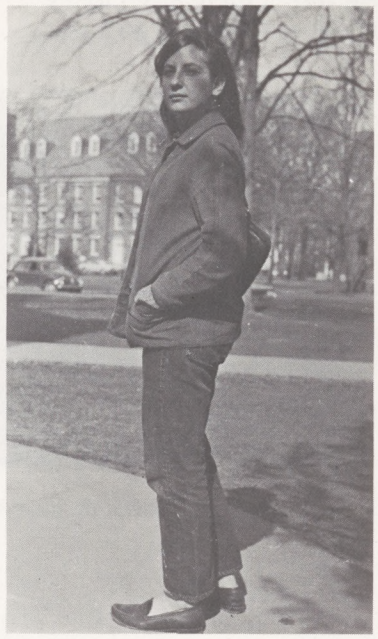
Hurrah for those who have invented nothing,
for those who have never discovered,
for those who have never conquered...

Anne Blumenberg

The system holds out the bangle of assimilation, a bribe to a few that keeps the many docile, to maintain a system that has become a mortuary of hopes. The docile are that half of the population which lives on incomes less than the subsistancy level put forth by the BLS. But the problem is only secondarily as an economic one. The real problem is the docility and hopelessness.

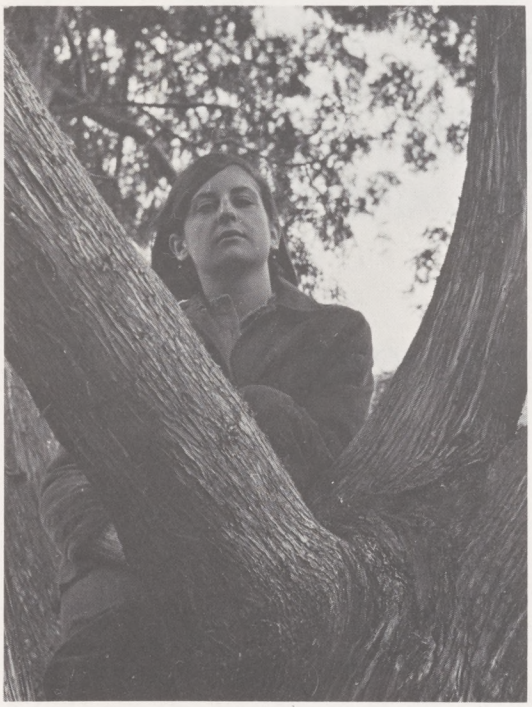
Jane Brandfon

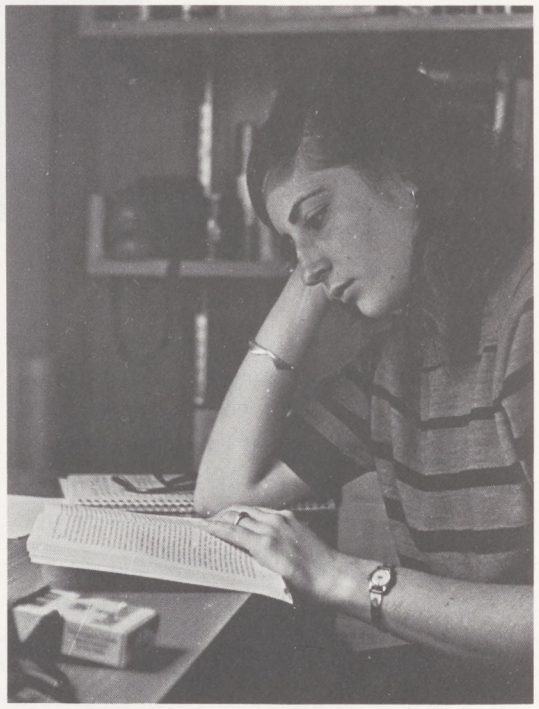




Brandfon, academically obsessed (or possessed) with her chosen field, anthropology, has been known to hole up in Truax for long periods of time. Her plaintive plea, "Listen, I've got work to do," was often overshadowed by finer pursuits of a social nature...

Jane Balzereit





Ainslie Sheridan Brennan

THE WINDHOVER

I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom
of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn drawn Falcon,
in his riding

Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and
striding

High there, how he rung upon the rein of a
wimpling wing

In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,

As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the
hurl and gliding

Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding

Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the
thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride,
plume, here

Buckle! And the fire that breaks from thee then, a
billion

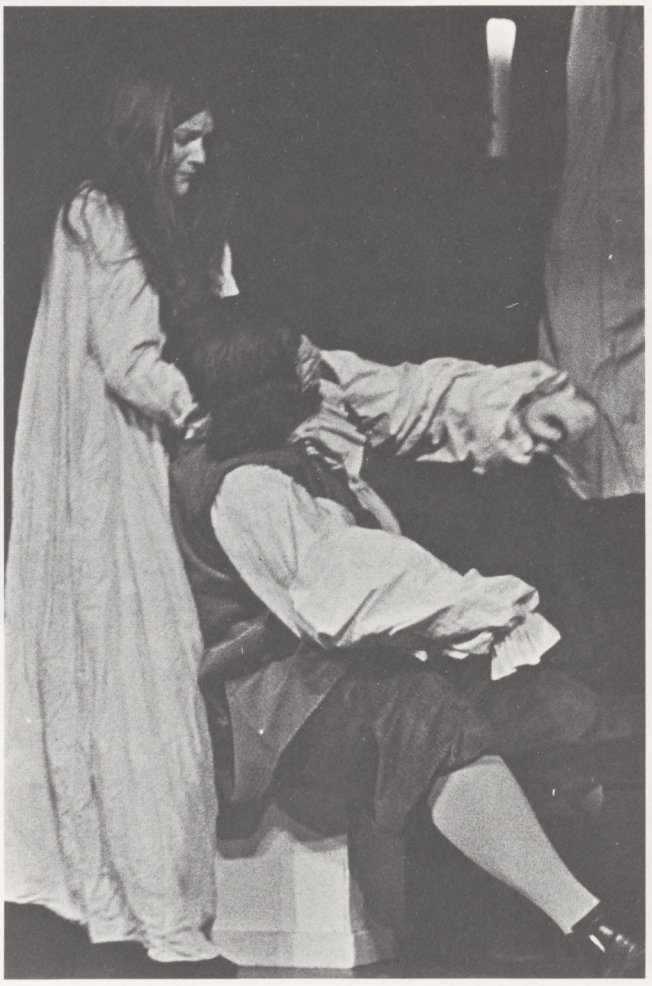
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down
sillion

Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,

Fall, gall themselves, and gash-vermillion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



close your eyes
hang down your head
until the fog blows away,
open up your arms
and feel the good
it's a comin',
a brand new day

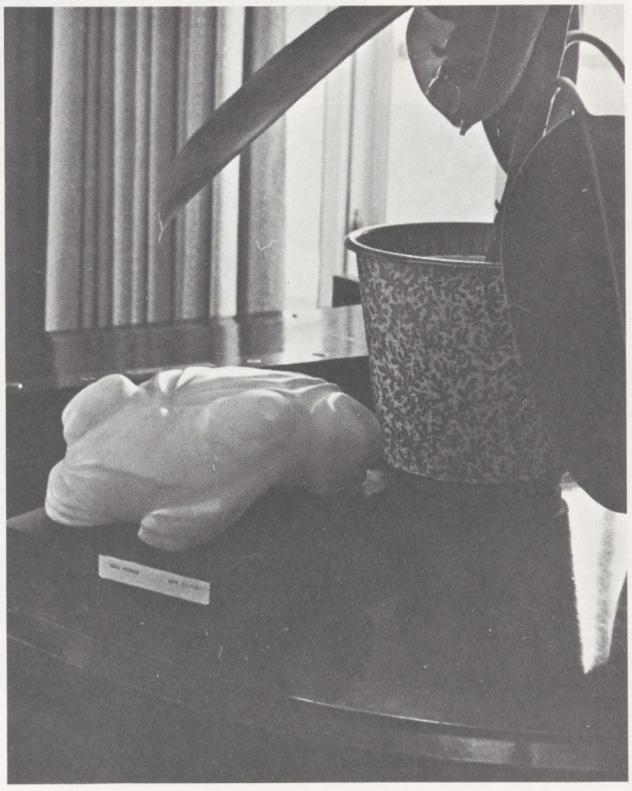
jaime robbie robertson

Amy Day

How dreary to be somebody
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name
the livelong day
To an admiring bog'.

E. Dickinson

Margaret Evans



Une grenouille vir un Boeuf
Qui lui sembla de belle taille
Elle qui n'etait pas grosse en tout comme un oeuf,
Envieuse, s'etend, et s'enfle et se travaille
Pour egaler l'animal en grosseur...
S'enfla si bien qu'elle creva.

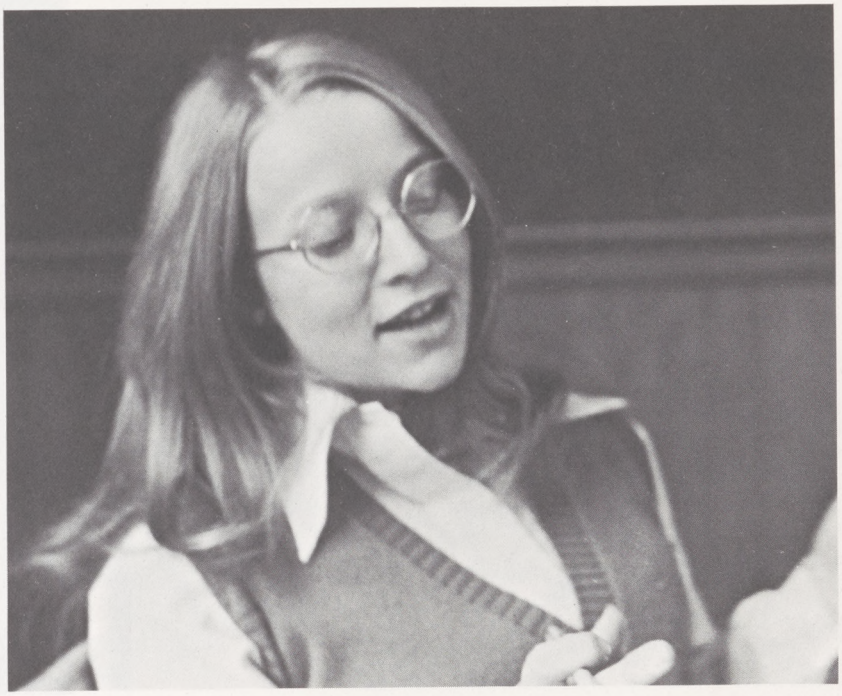
J. de La Fontaine

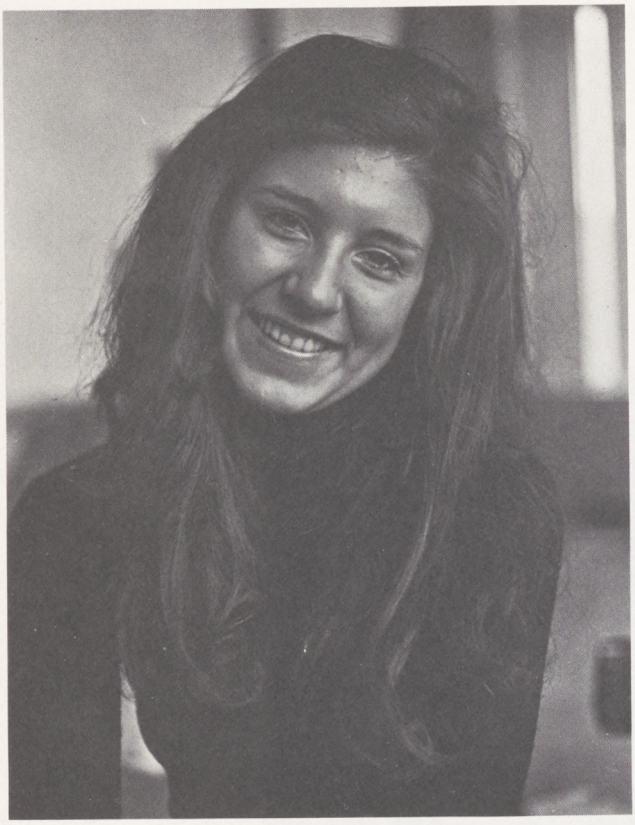
Tugend ist
Mangel an
Gelegenheit

German saying

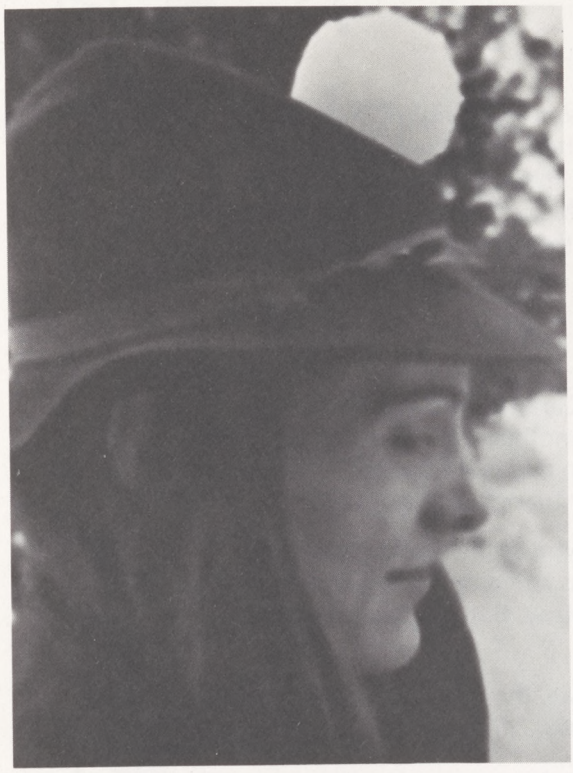
Nancy Grieshaber, from Camillus, New York, has majored in German. She plans to attend the College of Law at Syracuse University.

Nancy Grieshaber





Debra Ann Josefchak



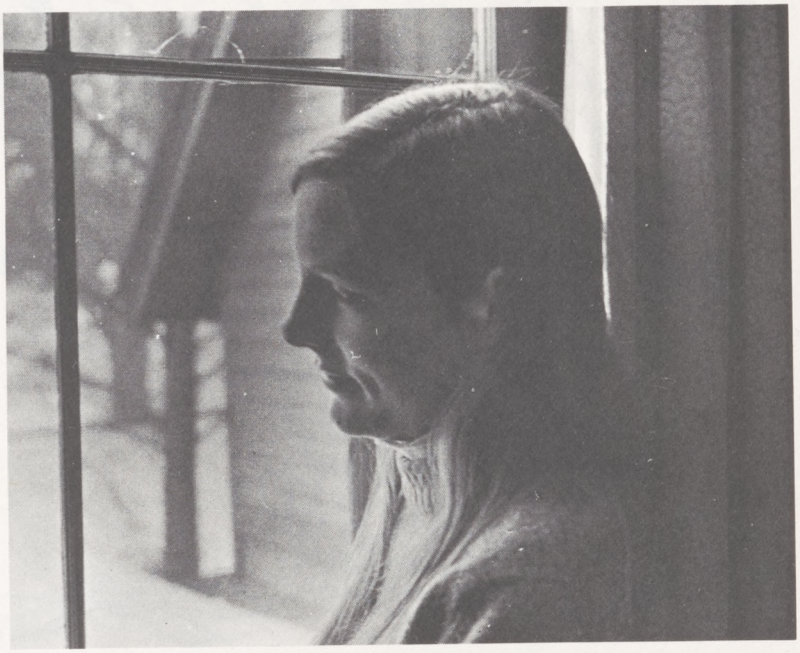
Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string
Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.

W. B. Yeats

Stoney Lougheed McCart

my ghosts do not speak
composed, around
in chairs, are quiet
waiting and not waiting
I could not break the truce
our peace made privately
their perfect stillness
to perfect I listen

Stoney Lougheed McCart



Prologue:

Between Here and There

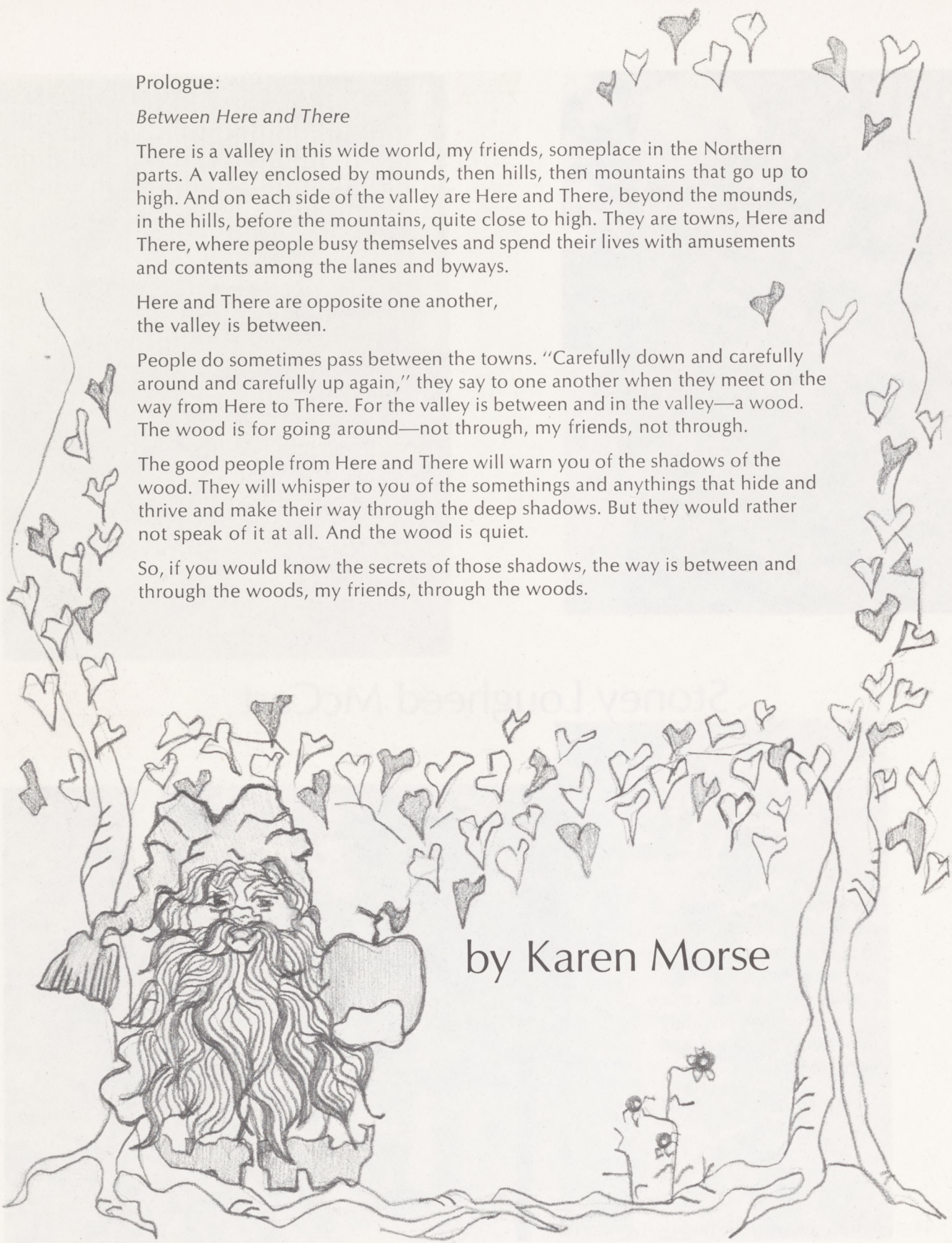
There is a valley in this wide world, my friends, someplace in the Northern parts. A valley enclosed by mounds, then hills, then mountains that go up to high. And on each side of the valley are Here and There, beyond the mounds, in the hills, before the mountains, quite close to high. They are towns, Here and There, where people busy themselves and spend their lives with amusements and contents among the lanes and byways.

Here and There are opposite one another,
the valley is between.

People do sometimes pass between the towns. "Carefully down and carefully around and carefully up again," they say to one another when they meet on the way from Here to There. For the valley is between and in the valley—a wood. The wood is for going around—not through, my friends, not through.

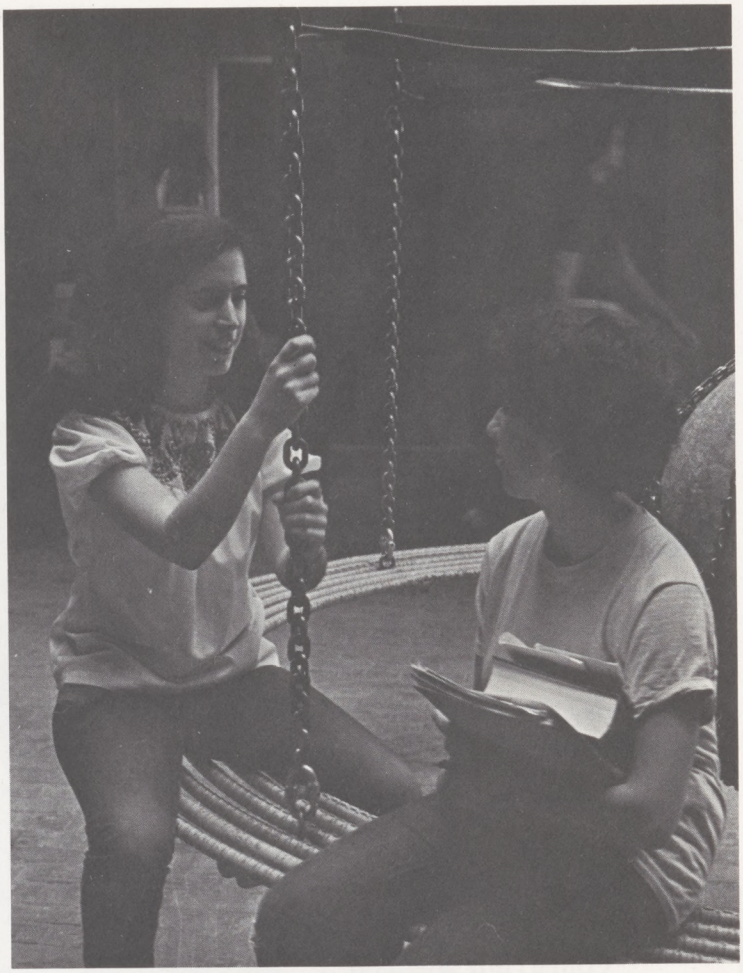
The good people from Here and There will warn you of the shadows of the wood. They will whisper to you of the somethings and anythings that hide and thrive and make their way through the deep shadows. But they would rather not speak of it at all. And the wood is quiet.

So, if you would know the secrets of those shadows, the way is between and through the woods, my friends, through the woods.



by Karen Morse

Debbie Moskowitz



Psychology

Mud

interpersonal
relationships

Academic
Policy

Moratorium
Canvass

Critiques

Rat Labs

Nietzsche

Preschools and Compensatory Education

spring... when the world is puddle-wonderful

Coffee Pertz

Rulered men, mercy
Questions battle your purpose,
Our lives.
Crawling over us, afraid,
Overrun, running, miles, years
Your uniform closed orders
Parting us
Together
Stronger, stronger than they are.

COFFEE PERTZ, SOPRANO
JAMES CARAHER, PIANO
Thursday, December 10, 1970
List Auditorium, Kirkland College
8:15 P.M.

A Musical Gathering
Coffee Pertz, Soprano
Thomas Estes, Organ, Harpsichord
Root Art Center, May 4, 1971, 8:15 P.M.

That moment when the silhouette of firs
Slips from its green hung span
To black against the rite of sky
Never lingers enough
To show the sacrifice of shadows
To my eye, my hand, my eye.

Exsultate Jubilate, K. 165 (1773)
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Myra Pertz '71, soprano
Bruce MacIntyre '70, piano

A PROGRAM OF MUSIC, DANCE, FILM, LIGHTING

Sentimental Circle

soprano — Coffee Pertz
reader — William Weckesser
flute — Paul Schonfeld
trumpet — Harold Pier

Angelini

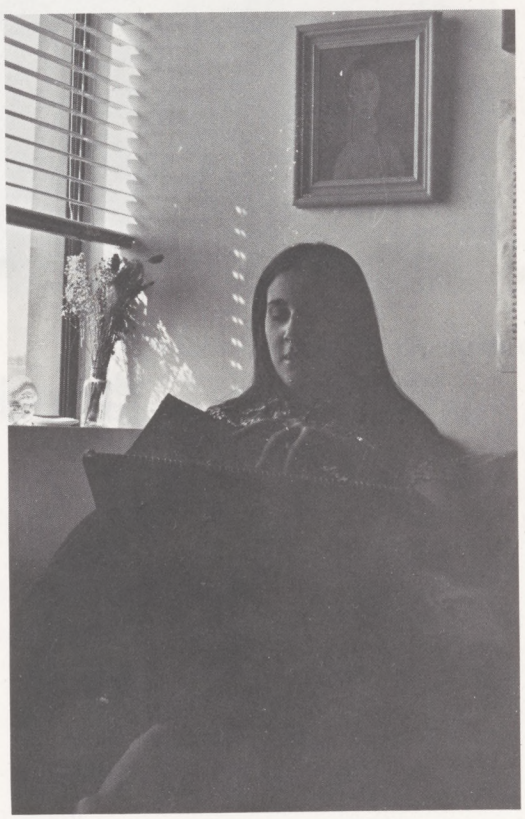
percussion — Steve Hemphill
harp — Roberta Wratten
piano — Suzanne Tessey
stringbass — Truman Bonifazi

conductor — Louis Angelini

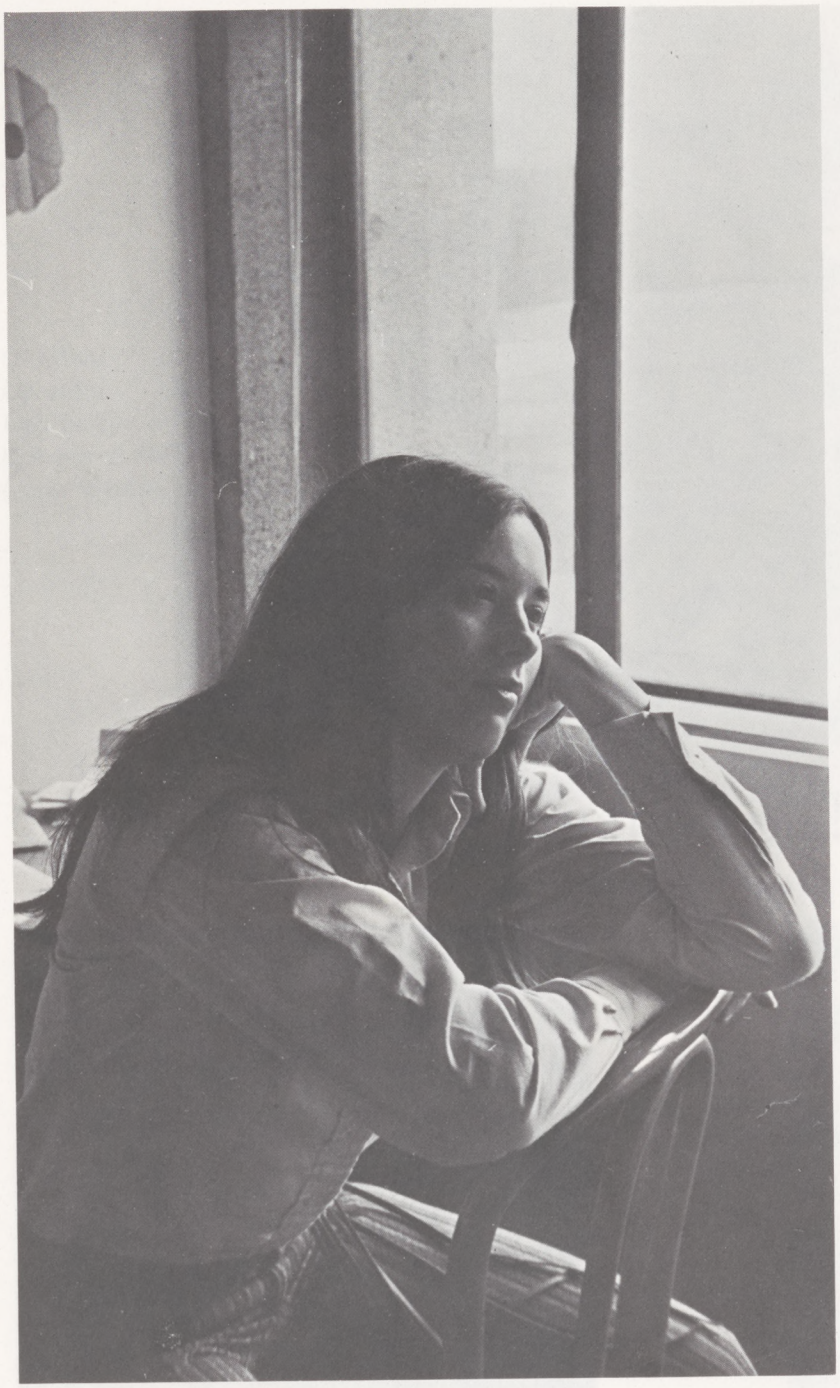
Jane Kelman Pink

Art is a creative effort of which the wellsprings lie in the spirit, and which brings us at once the most intimate self of the artist and the secret concurrences which he has perceived in things by means of a vision or intuition all his own, and not to be expressed in ideas and in words — expressible only in the work of art.

Jacques Maritain



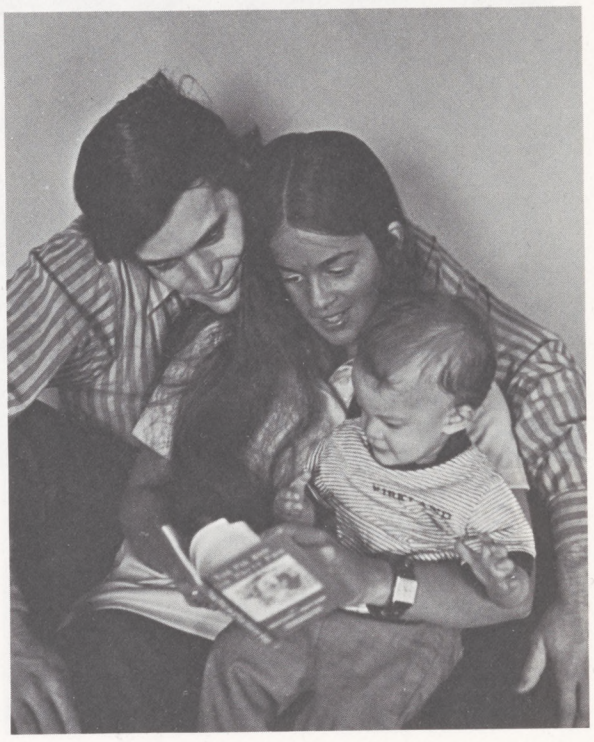
Nancy Ellen Ross



Elizabeth R. Rubin

I sat in that one place for eternity,
At least, so it seemed.
Now I watch the tree's gentle movement
And I want to follow.
Swaying as the breeze so moved it,
I am moved as well,
To rise above my long-rooted existence
And to flow as freely.

Geraldine Romano Scoll



$$P = P'x:\overline{n}| - \frac{d(Nx - Nx+n) - Dx+n\,[(1+i)^n - 1]}{d\,\ddot{s}_{\overline{n}|}(Nx - Nx+n)}$$

Ukratem
Ukratem
Dro-or ba-aretz
L'cho-o-ol nosh u'chah
L'cho-ol nosh u'chah—

And proclaim
And proclaim
Freedom through the land
To all its inhabitants
To all who li-ive there—

Aileen J. Sellis

x	Ux	ΔUx	Δ^2Ux
0	4		
		4	
1	8		1
		6	
2	14		1
		8	
3	22		

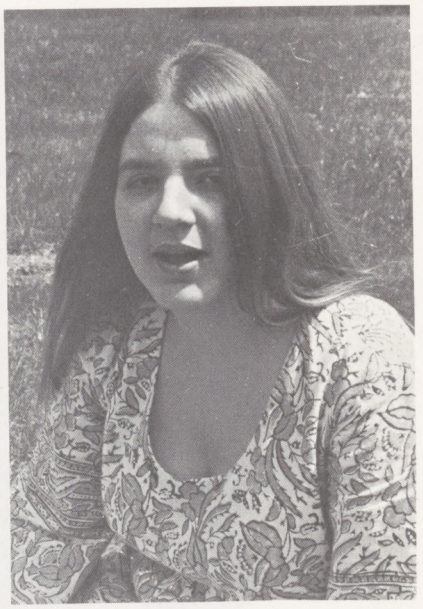
$$\begin{aligned} Ux &= U_o + x\Delta U_o + x\,(x-1)\Delta^2 U_o \\ &= 4 + 4x + x^2 - x \\ &= x^2 + 3x + 4 \end{aligned}$$

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht,
Siehst du Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?—
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif—
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.

Goethe (Der Erlkönig)

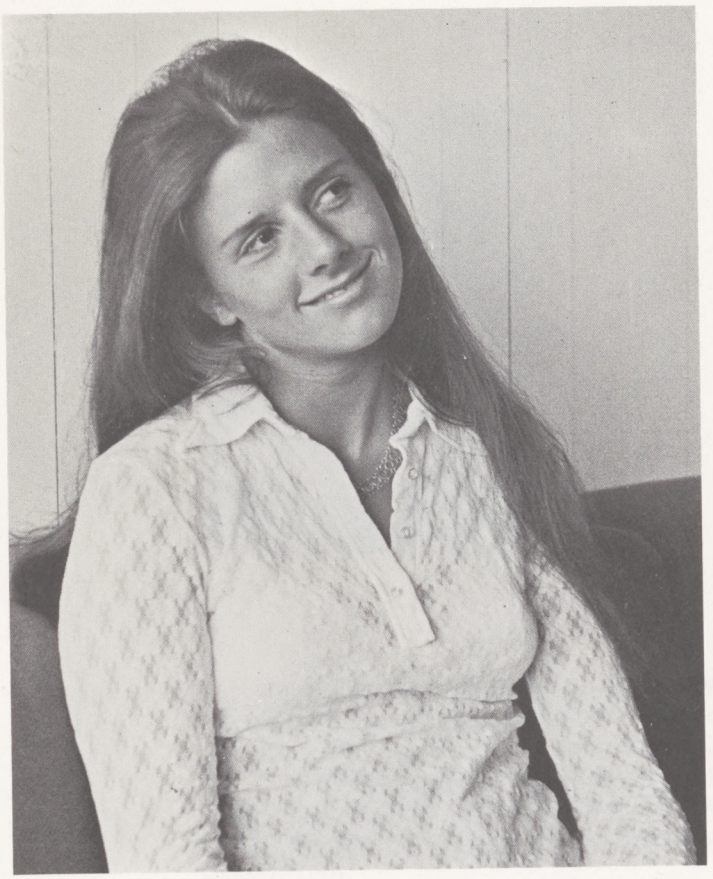
Betty, Bunny, Geoffrey, Henry
Jack & Phyllis, Joan, Keylight, Leftfielder
Friday 5 o'clock, and Dumb & Dull

Irene Swansiger

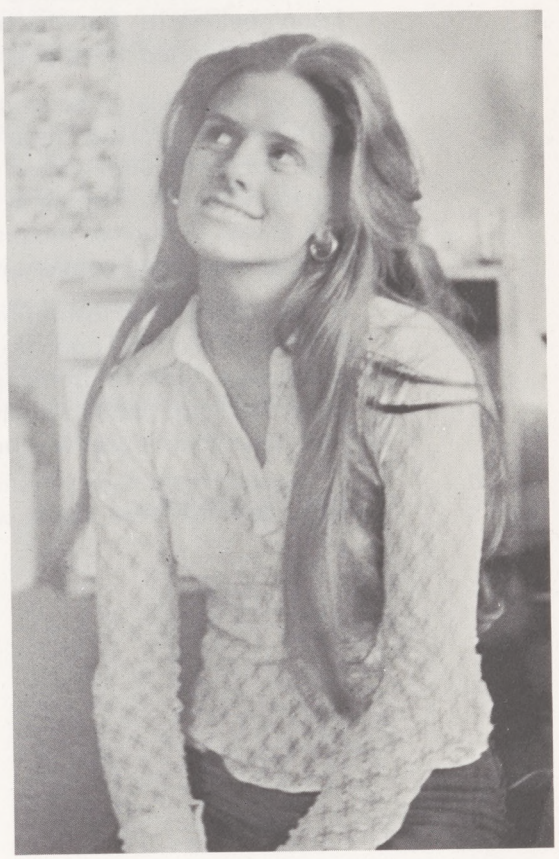


Each man's life represents a road toward himself, an attempt at such a road, the intimation of a path. No man has ever been entirely and completely himself. Yet each one strives to become that—one in an awkward, the other in a more intelligent way, each as best he can.... Each represents a gamble on the part of nature in creation of the human. We all share the same origin, our mothers; all of us come in at the same door. But each of us—experiments of the depths—strives toward his own destiny. We can understand one another; but each of us is able to interpret himself to himself alone.

Hermann Hesse: Demian

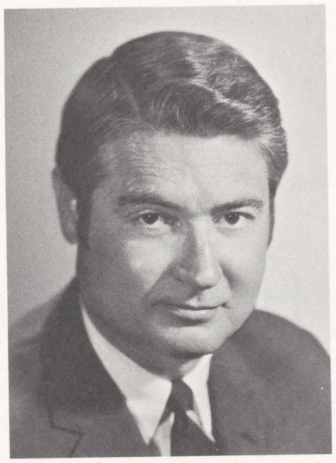


Hedwig Veith



L'enfance n'est pas un âge,
mais un état d'ésprit;
Elle ne se caractérise pas
par l'inexpérience,
Mais par le besoin naturel
de l'expérience.

Maria Montessori



One hundred sixty strong, they marched from the opening Convocation in the Hamilton Chapel across to the promised land of dust, mud, and unfinished buildings called Kirkland. And alongside their ranks shuffled Geoff Precourt, Hamilton '70, head shaking, arms flailing, exclaiming, "I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" But Kirkland's Charter Class was made up of believers, and they transformed the doubts and anxieties of others into hope and resolution.

This Spring Kirkland recognizes its first contingent of graduates, made up partly of transfer students and partly of students who were able to complete their degree requirements in three years. By having chosen to participate in the founding and shaping of a new college the members of the Class of 1971 will always symbolize the pioneering spirit that has sustained Kirkland through its infant years and contains its promise for the future.

As something of an institutional godfather to the members of the Kirkland Class of 1971, I look upon their graduation with great pride and with keen gratitude to them for bringing to the Hamilton-Kirkland community qualities of mind and spirit that have made this Hilltop a more human, interesting, and vital place than it ever was before.

John W. Chandler

This is the first time I can recall actually being asked to get in a few last words. I'm grateful for the chance.

The graduates who receive the first Kirkland degrees today will carry with them a special responsibility towards the college wherever they go. Kirkland graduates have been theoretical up to now; these women suddenly embody the concept.

Briefly, the College has espoused the goal of preparing each graduate for what should be a life-time of learning. That means that, on the one hand, we should provide the tools of self-education, and on the other hand, the desire for it as a way of life.

The measurement of our success will be the lives which these graduates, and those who follow, will live. Will they possess qualities of mind which are inquiring, open, bold, sensitive, compassionate? We do not know, but we greet them with high hope and with the conviction that they come to this commencement with all that we could give and they could take in the brief moment when we, together, were Kirkland.

Our hopes travel with them, are invested in them, and we wish them Peace, Love, a good fight now and then, and success in the search on which they are well embarked.

Samuel F. Babbitt

Crew: Jane Balzereit, Jane Brandfon, Amy Day,
Stoney McCart, Jane Pink, Suzanne Semmes